Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso.

Petruch. For locke you gentlemen, say that I graunt hir
out of my free and liberall loue a pardon
wth you and all men else know she deserues not,
(teneatis amici) can all the world leaue laughing?

Petro. I thinke not.

Petru. No by this hand they cannot,
for pray consider, haue you euer read
or heard of, or can anie man imagine
so stiffe a Tom-boy, of so sett a malice
and such a brazen resolution
as this young crab-tree? and then answer me;
& marke but this too friends, without a cause,
not a foule word come crosse her, not a feare,
she iustly can take hold on! & doe you thinke
I must sleepe out my anger, and indure it?
sow pillowes to her ease, and lull her mischiefe?
giue me a spindle first; no no my masters,
were shee as faire as Nell of Greece, and housewife
as good as the wise saylors wife, and young still,
newer aboue 15. and those tricks to it
she should ride the wild mare once a weeke, she should,
beleeue me friends she should; I would tabor her
till all the legions that are crept into her
flew out with fire ith tayles.

Sophs: Me thinkes you erre now,
and to me seemes a little sufferance
were a farre sooner cure.

Petru Yes I can suffer
where I see promises of peace and mendment.

Moro. Giue her a few conditions.

Petruchio.

Petru. He be hangd first.

Petron. Giue her a crab-tree cudgell.

Petru. So I will.
and after it a flock bed for her bones.
& hard egges till they brace her like a drum.
she shall be pamperd with,
she shall not know a stoole in 10. months gentlemen.

Sophs: This must not be. — Enter Jaques.

Jaq: Arme, arme, out with your weapons
for all the woemen in the Kingdom's on ye:
they swarme like waspes, and nothing can destroy 'em
but stopping of their hiue, and smothering of 'em. — Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Stand to your guard, Sir, all the euils extant
are broke vpon vs like a cloud of thunder,
there aire more women marching hetherward
in rescue of my Mistris then ere turn'd tayle
at Sturbridge faire, and I beleeue as fiery.

Jaques. The fortone hopes, led by a Farners wife,
I know her by her hide, a desperate woman
she flead her husband in her youth, and made
raines of his hide to ride the parish, her plackett
lookes like the straights of Gibralter, still wider
downe to the gulphe, all sun-burnt Barbary
lyes in her breech; take 'em all together
they are a genealogie of gennets, gotten
and borne thus, by the boysterous breath of husbands,
they serue sure and are swift to catch occasion
(I meane their foes or husbands) by the fore-locks,
and there they hang like fauours; crie they can
but more for noble spight then feare; and crying,
like the old giants that were foes to heauen,

they